



## Digging Out

My favorite day of the year is not  
marked down on any calendar, but when  
the sun starts shining and the  
snow starts to melt, it's time to go outside  
and take down the piles.  
Spring is slowly coming to New England,  
but sometimes it needs a little help.  
Each shovelful of snow lands  
with a satisfying sound; each diamond crystal  
sparkling in the sun.

This is the real reason for my efforts--  
the bright glint of ice is what I am longing to see,  
more dear to me than any  
gemstone or jewel.  
I love the shimmer of stars dancing  
in a midnight sky, the twinkle of sequins  
on the princess dress our grandchild wore  
unceasingly for days. It's the sparkle  
of your eyes when you come home  
from being away. I can see delight  
and surprise residing there.

Please say it's me.  
I want to be the reason for your joy.  
I am the treasure waiting to be unearthed.  
I've cleared you a path  
back to me.

**EM REYNOLDS**  
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